

Mid night

Rachel Goldsborough

Within Me,
Lies
A
Personality
Duality.

On one side,
A void.
Thoughts so dark,
Like the pitch black night.
Not a single star
In sight.
Not even the moon
To guide your way.

Cynical.
Judgmental.
Morbid.
Pessimist.

To be arrogant,
Looking down on others
For not seeing
The World
For the Evil
That it is.

How can people
Be so naïve?
To think
The best
Of humanity?
To assume
We are inherently good?

Fools.

There is
No True Good.
Only lies
And manipulation.
Craving of attention,
Not altruism.
Only hurt

On the other side,
Light;
So much of it.
Nearly blinding,
It is so bright.
Colors,
And vibrancy,
like the World
Blossoming;
A perpetual Spring.

Playful.
Accepting.
Content.
Optimist.

To be loving
And open
To a World
So full of
Possibility.

To roam freely
As when we were children.
To love and care,
Embrace and rejoice,
Joke and play,

Without Fear.

To let in all
That there is
To be offered
By humanity;
And to allow ourselves
To feel it all.

To deny
All parts of ourselves,
All parts of the world,
Is to never
Truly
Be
Happy.

If I am
To survive
In such
Unpredictability,
I must

Find Love
In all its facets.
I must
Protect

The Light.

Resilient.
Brave.
Compassionate.
Liberated.

Two Sides.
I look one way,

See Darkness Visible.

I look the other way,

See Sunshine Eternal.

And yet,
I cannot choose.

Am I Evil?

Or Good?

Dark?

Or Light?

Who Am I?

This side
Seems so toxic.

This side,
So beautiful.

Should the choice
Not be obvious?

In such

A confusing,

crazy World,

I think not.

In fact,

I do believe

I like it

Here.

Dead.
Center.